

## SELECTIONS FROM TOWN TOPICS.

He had kissed the maids of Spain,  
Whose true love is warm they say.  
And the maids of Buenos Ayres,  
And of Naples and Bombay;  
He had kissed and kissed and kissed,  
And had never suffered harm,  
But a widow of Chicago  
Made him ring a fire alarm!

Editor—You intended this dialogue for jokes, didn't you?

Paragraphic Serf—Yes.

Editor—Well, I'll tell you how to get them published profitably.

Paragraphic Serf—How?

Editor—Run them all together and publish them as a Maeterlinck tragedy.

"The hired girl makes no secret of it that she has fallen in love with my husband."

"Isn't that dreadful?"

"Dreadful? Well, I should say it was. He smokes cigarettes in the parlor and thinks he can do just as he pleases around the house."

Binks—Have you filled out one of the United States income blanks yet?

Winks—No, but my thoughts about them if written would be simply filled with blanks.

Doctor—You have only two days to live.

Isaacstein—O, Fader Abraham! Ant I shust got golt fillings put in my teet' last veek.

The Sultan knelt with courtly grace.

"I cannot love another," he protested. "The harem fund is depleted. However"—

He pressed a fervent kiss upon the hand of the Circassian princess.

"—I will consider your name in connection with the first vacancy!"

We liked you, gentle Cissy, when you danced  
And flitted on the stage with feather feet—  
Not that your terpsichorean skill entranced,  
But just because you looked so very sweet.

We liked you when you sent your naughty wink  
Across the footlights at us—oh, 'twas sly!—  
O yes, you're quite the champion, I think,  
In the sweet art called giving of "the eye."

Yet now we've found your queerest charm; that's flat!  
For all your fond adorers, I suspect,  
Now find themselves serenely smiling at  
Your funny Seven Dials dialect.

Ned—Is that color in Miss Giddeigh's cheek the natural article?

Ted—Oh, yes. That's a straight flush!

He—The Count will soon be like Andromeda.

She—When? What do you mean, dear?

He—Chained to the rocks.

Dix—Why did you let your cook go?

Hicks—She was a Frenchwoman, and when we asked her to cook German fried potatoes she threw things.

They cannot see the stage,  
But they vainly ramp and rage,  
Inasmuch as they behind a damsel sat  
Who could offer no relief—  
Much to everybody's grief—  
For her golden hair was hanging to hat.

Mrs. Buckton—Is my hat on straight?

Mrs. Neudick—Yes, but I don't think your hair is.

"All is over between us," said the young man that had found a richer girl and was trying to take leave of his old love.

"You are mistaken," replied she. "All is not over. In fact, my breach of promise suit has not yet begun."

He postponed the transfer of his affections.

Nagger—There goes the wretch who ruined my life.

Wagger—What? Explain yourself, old man.

Nagger—He was engaged to my wife and jilted her before I met her.

"Too thin!" remarked the Fat Lady, scornfully.

The Living Skeleton drew himself up haughtily.

"I may be a trifle attenuated," he replied. "Perhaps that's why I can't enjoy your broad humor."

Bagley—The doctor has sent you a memorandum of six calls.

Brace—Just acknowledge receipt, and say I'll return them as soon as I can.

"Can you return my love?" he cried,

His eye with passion lit,

"Assuredly I can," she said,

"I have no use for it."

NIT!

Mayor Weir is a second Parkhurst,

He is a very great man;

In his poor, weak and humble way

He's doing all the good he can—

Nit!

He cleaned our city of its dens

Where vice and lust did play;

He drove the wicked, naughty girls

From Lincoln far away—

Nit!

He stopped the Sunday drinking, too

And made the gamblers go;

And if he keeps a growing good

He'll be a saint we know—

Nit!

—UNI.

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